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AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

A

REVIEW

OF

WORKS OF FISHER AMES,

COMPILED BY

A NUMBER OF HIS FRIENDS.

By J. L. Adams.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE BOSTON PATRIOT.

"For I think it every man's indispensible duty to do all the "service he can to his country; and I see not what difference he "puts between himself and his cattle, who lives without that "thought."

LOCKE.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY EVERETT AND MUNROE.

1809.

had yet dared to pledge his ſtake in ſociety to the direct and unqualified vindication of the Britiſh pretenſions. Indirectly they were indeed juſtified; and while Britain was heaping inſolence upon injury in her treatment of this country, ſhe was ſupported by theſe Americans as the exalted champion of liberty, the defender of oppreſſed nations, the laſt hope of the human race*. But even the addreſſers and reporters of the laſt Maſſachuſetts Legiſlature, (anxious as they were to foment the ſpirit of ſubſerviency to Britain, urgent as they were to unfurl the republican banners againſt the imperial *ſtandard*, intrepid as they were to threaten and organize internal war, in aid of the external enemy, againſt our own government, ſtruggling in defence of OUR OWN CAUSE; even they) *ſhrunk* from the formal juſtification of the Britiſh Orders of Council.

But what no *living man* could be perſuaded to do, the *friends* of Mr. Ames made him perform after his death. During his life-time he had never choſen to pledge his name to thoſe doctrines; and though he had given them too much countenance in nameleſs newſpaper paragraphs and eſſays, he had manifeſted a ſteady unwillingneſs to avow them in the face of day. But ſcarcely was he cold in his grave, when his name was doomed by his friends to ſtand before the public, reſponſible for the aſſertion, that on the moſt momentous queſtions at iſſue between Britain and us, ſhe was *right* and we were *wrong*. Nor was this the only fatal error, promulgated in the poſthumous part of this volume. The unreaſonable veneration of every thing connected with Britain—the exceſſive abhorrence of every thing connected with France—and the mixture of

* An American JUDGE had even talked of the impressment of British subjects from American merchant vessels, as being agreeable to a RIGHT claimed and exercised for ages, and had undertaken to justify the British king's proclamation of October 16, 1807, under the pretence that it was merely an assertion of the nation's RIGHT to the service of its subjects in time of war. The orders in council too had been defended, as merely retaliatory upon France, and although some straining had been manifested at the name of *tribute*, yet it was found that the same thing might be swallowed with perfect ease under the name of a *transit duty*.

ſcorn and contempt for his own country, which in his laſt days were at the baſis of all his political opinions, were principles from which the moſt miſchievous deductions naturally flowed. The averſion to Republics and Republican inſtitutions—the bitter invective againſt our popular elections—the humiliating dogma that our liberties depended upon nothing but the Britiſh navy; the terror, that his children would be taken for Bonaparte's conſcription to St. Domingo, were calculated as far as they could operate to ſpread a contagion of falſe opinions upon objects of the higheſt moment to the people of this country. And the danger of theſe falſe opinions was aggravated in proportion to the reverence for the talents and the reſpect for the perſonal character of the author, ſo general throughout the community. The natural and indiſſoluble connection between theſe opinions, and the public *meaſures* of thoſe who dare not avow them, was material to be ſhewn; and the rancorous prejudices againſt our fellow citizens in other parts of the Union, the contracted baſis of excluſive love, upon which political attachment was aſſerted to reſt, the crude and undigeſted notions of patriotiſm, with the long argument to prove that it cannot exiſt in this country, nor in *any Republic*, were ſo many potions of poiſon for the public mind, which the writer of theſe papers ſincerely thinks, loudly called for an antidote, before they ſhould have time to circulate with all their venom, in the veins and arteries of the body politic.

To defend the inſulted reputation of our country, to vindicate from falſe aſperſions the character of the nation, and its Republican inſtitutions, to refute the groundleſs charges againſt our children and our brethren of the Weſtern and Southern States, to aſſert the real foundation upon which our Independence muſt ſtand, to maintain its RIGHTS againſt the ruffian principles of the Britiſh cabinet, and to guard the ſenſe and ſpirit of the people againſt the miſtakes of fancy uſurping upon the province of judgment, in the eſtimates of political morality—ſuch were the motives which dictated theſe papers.

To hold up to public view the errors of an ingenious and amiable man, so recently deceased, was a task, painful to the feelings of the writer, and which nothing but the importance of the errors, and the danger of the impressions they were producing upon the public mind, could justify. The most exceptionable principles, and the most important mistakes in point of fact, are quoted word for word from the volume itself. In no one instance however has a quotation been made, which in its connection with the other parts of the discourse would bear a different aspect, from that which it bears in the selection. For these wanderings of intellect, it is abundantly manifest upon the face of the volume, that Mr. Ames never meant to be responsible to the public. They were intended for his select and exclusive friends. They furnished food for that modest and generous opinion which they delight to entertain; that all the virtue, and all the talents, as well as all the wealth of the American continent, is a monopoly of their own; and that the rest of the people are a mere herd of Sodom, to be saved from the fire of Heaven only by *their* transcendent merits. So long as these maggots only crawled within the pale of the church, their mischief was confined to the annoyance of occasional visitors at the altar of the idol; but when thus ushered abroad, they might have taken wing and spread a plague of locusts over the land.

It was then, an examination of the political system of these self-styled saviours of Sodom, which was proposed by the writer of the following papers. Their doctrines had never been so fully and explicitly avowed, by any man who had a character to pledge. Like the priests of Egypt, they had a revelation for the multitude, and a secret for the initiated. In its plenitude of perfection, their creed was no where to be found in a tangible shape. To make way for this mass of illumination, the real wisdom and virtue of Mr. Ames's best days, his public labours as a statesman, at the organization of the federal government, his speeches openly made in the face of the country, the

great and ſolid foundation of his honourable fame, were excluded from the compilation. Had the ſame principles been ſcrutinized as appearing in newſpaper paragraphs and anonymous pamphlets, the moment they were brought to the teſt they would have been univerſally diſavowed. For the holders of theſe tenets, like the Dutch traders of Japan, whenever traffic is to be obtained by denial of their Lord, will trample upon his croſs to diſprove their religion. They have given at length their confeſſion of political faith to the world, and it was only under the ſanction of Mr. Ames's name, that it could be properly canvaſſed.

It may perhaps be thought that the conduct of theſe friends is here judged with too much ſeverity—That in publiſhing theſe opinions of Mr. Ames, they are not reſponſible for them as their own; and that even the errors of the volume ought to have been overlooked, in conſideration of the general excellence of the author, and the valuable matter with which they are blended. The writer of the Review is not inſenſible to the moral obligation incumbent upon a man of generous feelings to "hide the fault he ſees," and to veil if poſſible, even the failings of a fellow citizen, diſtinguiſhed by talents, virtues and public ſervices. It is that obligation which he thinks the publiſhers of the volume have violated. As a free-born American citizen, he feels a duty to maintain the rights and liberties of his country, not leſs imperious than that of reſpecting the repoſe of death; eſpecially when he perceives that a ſtroke is aimed at every thing which this nation ought to hold dear, under the ſhelter of a preſumption, that the ſanctuary of the grave would ſhield the offence from the purſuit of juſtice; and that a name entitled to public veneration would prove a paſſport for corruption to which no man living dared to pledge his own.—For it muſt be obſerved that the compilers have been as penurious of their own names, as they have been prodigal of that of their departed friend—The title page tells us that they are a number, but not who they are. The biography, a performance which in point of compoſition

would do honour to *any* name, yet bears not that of its author; and the very private letters, divulged in the face of their own injunctions of ſecrecy, are directed to nothing but aſteriſks.

The writer is well aware that party ſpirit, will neither give him credit for his real motives in the publication of theſe papers, nor forbear from the imputation of others.—But it is not to party ſpirit, that he meant to addreſs himſelf, nor to partizans that he holds himſelf amenable. Believing in the general ſenſe and virtue of his countrymen, he aſks of his reader that effort of the mind which Malebranche demands of every inquirer after truth—To ſeparate from the ſubject every prepoſſeſſion, not belonging to it, and to examine without any partial bias, the ſentiments advanced in the volume and conteſted in theſe papers. If the *principles* to which the friends of Mr. Ames have ſeen fit to pledge his reputation are founded in eternal truth, to diſpute them is nothing leſs than to war againſt Omnipotence. If they are founded in error, no apology will be neceſſary, for an attempt to arreſt the progreſs of their influence at the threſhold.

Should the reader be one of thoſe, whoſe admiration for the genius and character of Mr. Ames, is a feeling in which he delights to indulge himſelf, and which he is unwilling to ſubmit to the crucible of ſtubborn reaſon, he is requeſted to lay aſide the pamphlet, and continue in the enjoyment of his ſenſations. Should he think it a more profitable courſe to teſt his principles before he carries them into action, let him examine the volume, and weigh the objections againſt a part of its contents, here advanced; after which he may ſtill enjoy his admiration of the man. This I have no inclination to diſturb—Let him, if it can afford him any gratification, *ſuſpect* the motives of the Reviewer. But let him renounce principles demonſtrated to be falſe, and of deadly import to the independence and liberties of this country.

American Principles.

A

REVIEW

OF

WORKS OF FISHER AMES, &c.

NUMBER I.

IN that ſtrange medley of wit and weakneſs; of reaſon and dotage; of benevolence and rancour; of ardent ſpirit and childiſh terrour, which has juſt been publiſhed under the title of "*Works of Fiſher Ames, compiled by a number of his friends*"—they have treated his *memory*, as they did his *body*.

For the purpoſe of a little brief impreſſion upon popular ſentiment, which they fancied would be produced by the authority of his name, in favour of their darling follies, they have mixed up together with ſome valuable performances, really worthy of republication, a multitude of old newſpaper eſſays, which he never could have expected to ſurvive the moment or occaſion for which they were produced, and a number of private letters, certainly not intended by him for the public eye, and which nothing but the treachery of pretended friendſhip ever would have expoſed.

Mr. Ames was a man of genius and of virtue—he meant well to his country, and ſerved her with fidelity according to his beſt judgment. But at a very early period of his public life, he connected himſelf with Hamilton, his bank and his funding ſyſtem, in a manner which warped his judgment and trammelled the freedom of his mind for the remainder of his days. The reproaches, which at that time, his political enemies caſt upon him, as having contracted a *perſonal intereſt*, in the eſtabliſhment of the ſyſtem,

which, partly by the influence of his exertions, was made to prevail, infused a tincture of bitterness in his subsequent political sentiments, not congenial to his natural temper—he became wedded to his doctrines, not by the sordid selfishness of avarice, to which he was always superior, but by the concern for his own fame, and by the virulence of his antagonists.*

Mr. Ames was not among the first who discerned the real character and tendencies of the French revolution—and when he did discover that it was not the introductory avenue to the millennium, he still continued to view it through a partial medium. He changed his glass, but still saw through it darkly. From that time he became on this subject a convert to the English school, and with all the opinions of the anti-revolutionist, mingled all the fear-engendered fancies of the anti-gallican. He adopted the wildest extravagancies which the ministerial pamphleteers in England disseminate among the populace, to reconcile them to the burdens of eternal war with France, and transferring to his own country the real dangers of *England*, from the prospect of a French invasion, he lived in a perpetual panic, that America would finally be only the last morsel for the voracious maw of the monster Bonaparte.

During the last ten years of his life, Mr. Ames's health was always in a precarious, and often in an alarming condition. His spirits partook of his infirmities. The most distinguishing feature in his character was the vivacity of his imagination. The disease which was undermining his constitution, without impairing the splendour of his fancy, affected the tone of his nerves. Every thing that he saw became coloured by his fears. He was continually, but ineffectually, labouring to impart his terrours to his countrymen ; they grew stronger upon him in proportion as they proved inefficacious upon others, until he worked himself up into a sort of reasoning frenzy, compounded of *adoration* of British power—*abhorrence* of

* It is remarkable, that in this compilation, professedly made as an honorary tribute of friendship, but obviously guided in the selection by the fingers of faction ; the Speech against Mr. Madison's motion for a discrimination in funding the public debt, between the original holders and the purchasers on speculation, though one of Mr. Ames's most eloquent effusions in Congress—IS OMITTED !

France, and *contempt* for his own countrymen. In ſuch a ſtate of mind, he committed ſometimes to the preſs ſentiments which will not bear the teſt of a cool examination—but in his private letters he indulged his morbid humours more freely; and now, thoſe ſentiments which the hand of ſincere affection ought to have covered with the thickeſt veil, are brought forth in all their nakedneſs to the world, becauſe they happen to ſuit the purpoſes of a faction.

The following are a very few out of a great number of ſuch ſentiments. If any of Mr. Ames's *number of friends* are prepared to defend them, let them be heard. If they are ſuch as no man living dare to defend, why were they not kept in the ſacred depoſit of private friendſhip, to which they were committed?

"Our country is too *big for union*; too *ſordid for patriotiſm*; too *democratic for liberty*."

Letter of the 26th Oct. 1803—*p.* 483.

"Yet I ſee, that the multitude are told, and it is plain they are told, *becauſe they will believe it*, that liberty will be a gainer by the purchaſe [of Louiſiana.] They are deceived *on their weak ſide*; they think the purchaſe a great bargain.—We are to be rich by ſelling lands. If the multitude were not blind before, *their ſordid avarice*, thus addreſſed, would blind them."

31*ſt Oct.* 1803—*p.* 485.

"Louiſiana excites leſs intereſt than our thankſgiving. It is an old ſtory. I am half of Talleyrand's opinion, when he ſays we are phlegmatic, and without any paſſion except that for money-getting.

29*th Nov.* 1803—*p.* 487.

"Suppoſe an attack on property, I calculate on the "ſenſibilities" *of our nation*. There is a ſenſorium. Like a negro's ſhins, there our patriotiſm would feel the kicks, and twinge with agonies that we ſhould not be able ſo much as to conceive, if we only have our faces ſpit in."

Same letter—*p.* 48

" It is *one of the moſt conſuming curſes of heaven—AND WE DESERVE IT*—to commit the affairs of a nation to rulers, who find in their popularity, their rapacity, or their ambition, an intereſt ſeparate from the intereſt of the people."

27th Nov. 1805—*p.* 496.

" As great geniuſes ſnatch the ſceptre from the hands of great little raſcals, the government riſes, though liberty riſes no more. *Ours is gone, never to return. To mitigate a tyranny is all that is left for our hopes.*"

29th Nov. 1805—*Thankſgiving evening.*

" I have hoped that the *ſacred ſhield of cowardice*, as Junius calls it, would protect our peace.—I *ſtill hope.*"

1ſt. Feb. 1806.

" A fate ſeems to ſweep the proſtrate world along, that is not to be averted by ſubmiſſion, nor retarded by arms. The Britiſh navy ſtands like Briareus, parrying the thunderbolts, but can hurl none back again ; and if Bonaparte effects his conqueſt of the dry land, the empire of the ſea muſt in the end belong to him."

14th Feb. 1806—*p.* 506.

" Two obſtacles, and only two, impede the eſtabliſhment of univerſal monarchy—Ruſſia and the Britiſh navy."

Same letter—*p.* 508.

" After her fall, ours would not coſt Bonaparte a blow. *We are proſtrate already, and of all men on earth the fitteſt to be ſlaves.* Even *our darling avarice* would not make a week's reſiſtance to tribute, if the *name* were diſguiſed ; and I much doubt whether if France were lord of the navies of Europe, we ſhould reluct at *that*, or even at the appellation and condition of Helots."

Same letter—*p.* 510.

" They [the adminiſtration] need not fear the moral ſenſe, or ſenſe of honour, or any other ſenſe *of our people*, except their nonſenſe, which they will take ſpecial good care to keep on their ſide."

10th March, 1806—*p.* 518.

" It is the nature of these [white birch stakes] to fail in two years; and A REPUBLIC wears out its morals almost as soon as the sap of a white birch rots the wood."
12th Jan. 1807—*p.* 514.

" Of our six millions of people, there are *scarcely six hundred*, who yet look for liberty any where except on paper." *6th Nov.* 1807—*p.* 518.

Americans! Federalists! are these sentiments TRUE? Are you that stupid—that infamous herd which you are here represented to be?—No—Nor could it possibly be the calm and dispassionate judgment of the writer that you were.—These ideas were part of his disease—he was himself sensible that they were not fit for public inspection—his memory ought not to be charged with the detestation, which such sentiments ought to draw upon those, who, in full possession of the most moderate understanding, could deliberately entertain them.—It is not the Saint of the Calendar—but the fraudulent monks at his shrine, who attempt to pass off the pairings of his nails for relics of inestimable price.

We are sensible, that this inexpressible contempt for the whole American nation—this fanatical idolatry of Britain, and this delirious dream of Bonaparte's coming in the shape of a tiger to eat up our children, have all become standing articles of faith in the Junto creed. I have heard it said, that when His Most Gracious Majesty was under the discipline of Dr. Willis, he fancied himself a fox, and that he was hunted by Gen. Washington. The nineteen twentieths men—the " scarcely six hundred out of the six millions," who are sincere in these night-mare visions, have brains less modest in their confusion than those of the great King. He humbly conceived himself turned into a cunning and cowardly beast, whose hunter was a hero. They, forsooth dream, not that they themselves, but that all their neighbours and countrymen are transformed into hares, to be hunted by a tiger; and that in the chase, the tiger's raven will not spare even them the salt of the earth, the heroic would-be saviours of their base and servile countrymen. It is a melancholy contem-

plation of human nature to ſee a mind ſo richly gifted, and ſo highly cultivated as that of Mr. Ames, ſoured and exaſperated into the very ravings of a bedlamite.

> What bitter pangs must humbled genius feel,
> In their last hours to see a Swift or Steele?

But the apology that is due for him, is not equally the right of others. There are thoſe, who, without believing a word of this abſurd and inconſiſtent political creed, are yet as eager for its propagation as he was—verily they expect their reward. If they can frighten the whole people into a madneſs, like that of the royal fox—if they can fill the brains of the nation with a fancy that we have all been transformed into the vileſt of the brute creation, ſave only the *choice ſpirits*, amounting to, at moſt, ſix hundred; the next ſtep follows of courſe—The porcelain muſt rule over the earthen ware—the blind and ſordid multitude muſt put themſelves, bound hand and foot, into the cuſtody of the lynx-eyed SERAPHIC ſouls of the ſix hundred; and then all together muſt go and ſquat for protection under the hundred hands of the Britiſh Briareus. Then, indeed, we may rely upon it, our country will be neither "*too big for union*," nor "*too democratic for liberty*."

To this volume is prefixed an elegant and ingenious biographical account of the author, written in a ſtyle of moderation, which we cannot but contraſt with the violence and intemperance of the late papers in the volume itſelf. The learned biographer appears on more than one occaſion embarraſſed with the rantings of his ſubject, and cools with a feather dipt in oil the burning metal of his text. He tells us that Mr. Ames was emphatically *a republican*—but that he conſidered a *republic* and a *democracy* as eſſentially diſtinct and oppoſite. Probably this was the ſtate of his opinions at one period of his life—but in his latter days, when the Engliſh faſcinations and the French antipathies had obtained their uncontrouled aſcendancy over his mind, he appears to have had as little eſteem for a republican government as for the American people. It is not to a democracy, but to a *republic*, that he compares the eſſential rottenneſs of the white birch ſtakes, in one of the above

extracts. In ſhort, he was too thoroughly Britonized to preſerve a reliſh for any thing republican ; and in the paper laſt publiſhed before his deceaſe, contained in this volume, he ſays in expreſs terms, that "the immortal ſpirit of the wood-nymph liberty, dwells ONLY in the Britiſh oak."

The propoſition once made in Congreſs, to declare the American nation "the moſt enlightened people upon the globe," has been ridiculed quite as much as it deſerved. If by the term *enlightened*, were to be underſtood merely the degree of proficiency attained by a few individuals in the arts and ſciences, we certainly can have no pretentions to a competition with moſt of the European nations—but if it were meant only to expreſs the amount of mental cultivation generally poſſeſſed by the body of the people, I believe it was ſtrictly true. It would be difficult at leaſt to name the people in Europe, the great maſs of whom poſſeſs ſo much of that knowledge, which is power, as the people of the United States. If, however, there was ſomething of national vanity manifeſted in the ſentiment, it was at leaſt an innocent errour.—But I could never perceive either the wiſdom or the virtue of proclaiming the aſſuredly falſe doctrine, that the people of America are the baſeſt and moſt degraded of the human ſpecies. It is one of thoſe ſcandalous calumnies which a number of ſtarveling vagabonds in England, with Cobbett's Regiſter, and Moore, the minſtrel of the brothels, have been for ſome years adminiſtering to the malignant paſſions of that country ; but from the lips of an American, it is as little the voice of patriotiſm as of truth. The language of inſult and outrage applied to the people, is no better than the language of adulation. If a tenth part of thoſe horrible reproaches upon the whole people poured forth in the extracts I have here given, and repeated under a thouſand ſhapes in this volume, were true, the country would not be fit for the reſidence of a man who had a ſpark of honour in his compoſition. He would fly from it as from a land of Yahoos—the very pretence of anxiety for the fate of *ſuch* a country, is worſe than abſurd.—A man, who on *the* THANKSGIVING evening of the year 1805, could de-

liberately ſit down and write that our liberty *was gone*, never to return, and that to mitigate a *tyranny* was all that was left for our hopes—a man who could believe that our country was too ſordid for patriotiſm—that we had nothing but the ſacred ſhield of cowardice to protect us—that we were of all men on earth the fitteſt to be ſlaves ; comes with a very ill grace, when he tells us how much he loves and reſpects that very country—and how his heart is burſting with anxiety for the welfare of theſe dregs of creation. I reverence the virtues and the genius of Mr. Ames ; but I know that in penning thoſe billingſgate invectives againſt his country, he could not be in poſſeſſion of a ſound mind ; and I ſubmit it to the feelings of every generous ſpirit, whether genuine friendſhip ſhould not rather have been ſolicitous to ſhroud theſe infirmities from the public eye, than with ſuch remorſeleſs hand to drag them into day.

NUMBER II.

THERE is not perhaps in human Society, a truſt of higher importance and more delicacy, than that which devolves upon the friends of an eminent literary man, relating to the diſpoſal of the papers which he leaves behind him. This truſt has ſo often been betrayed, that every man who has acquired a reputation in the literary world, ought himſelf much more ſtudiouſly to diſpoſe, before his deceaſe, of thoſe productions of his mind, than of his worldly eſtate. Men of genius are treated like kings. They who pretend to be their friends, are often nothing more than ſycophants, who attach themſelves to their fame, for ſordid purpoſes of their own, and who from the moment that the ſuperior Spirit has left its tenement of clay, inſtead of cheriſhing and protecting that fame, think of nothing but turning it to the account of ſome wretched paſſion or intereſt of their own—to ſpunge money from the purſe of the public, or to paſs diſgraceful sentiments into circulation, for the wicked purpoſes of faction. The examples of *Cheſterfield* and *Sterne* are familiar to thoſe

converſant with the recent literary hiſtory of England, of men, whoſe reputation has been blaſted after their deceaſe, by the publication of papers, which they would have buried in eternal oblivion, but which the rapacity of *a number of their friends*, ſurrendered to the *indignation* of poſterity for the ſake of a paltry tribute levied upon the public curioſity. I know not who are the friends that publiſhed the volume now before me, but I truſt it has been ſhewn in a former paper, that both its ſelection and its *omiſſion*, were governed by motives very different from that of regard for the laſting reputation of the author.—The writer of this paper reſpected Mr. AMES, and laments, that others who by their particular intimacy with him, were ſpecially charged with the guardianſhip of his fame, inſtead of adhering faithfully to that duty, have, for the poor purpoſe of promoting the views of a party, "*drawn his frailties from their dread abode*," and expoſed him to the imputation of doctrines, which the ſound judgment of his better days would have rejected with horror, and for which they alone ought to be reſponſible to diſtant nations and to future ages.

In a former paper it was obſerved, that the private letters contained in this compilation were certainly not intended by their writer for the public eye ;—and that they contained ſentiments which he himſelf was ſenſible were not fit for public inſpection. The evidence of theſe aſſertions is contained in one of thoſe very letters ; and in theſe words :

" It is ever a misfortune for a man to differ from the political or religious creed of his countrymen. You will not fail to perceive, that I am worſe than a lingerer in my faith in the concluſiveneſs of the reaſoning of Mr. MADISON, and Co. *This however, I keep to myſelf and leſs than half a dozen friends.*" Page 507.

Is it not ſtrange—paſſing ſtrange, that with this direct, and explicit admonition ſtaring him in the face, one of the leſs than half a dozen friends to whom the ſecret was committed, ſhould divulge not only to the country, but to the enemies of the country thoſe opinions, which their author was aſhamed or afraid to avow when alive ?

Strange indeed it is; but the motive is obvious enough. The ſubject ſpecially alluded to in this letter, upon which it was Mr. Ames's misfortune to differ from the creed of his countrymen, and upon which he was worſe than a lingerer in his faith in the concluſiveneſs of the reaſoning of Mr. Madiſon and Co.—was the great queſtion of our neutral rights to the colonial trade with the enemies of Great Britain. The date of the letter is 14th Feb. 1806—juſt after the time, when Mr. Madiſon's unanſwerable vindication of the neutral cauſe appeared—ſeveral excellent memorials, written ſome of them by men who have ſince deſerted that honorable ſtandard and joined the banners of the enemy, were alſo then before Congreſs; and it is to them that Mr. Ames refers, by the deſcription of Mr. Madiſon, and Co.

The letter was written to a member of Congreſs, who, as appears from a ſubſequent paſſage in it, was *then* on the ſide of his country upon this great queſtion. He has ſince changed his ſide, and the publication of this letter was doubtleſs intended to anſwer the double purpoſe of giving countenance to him and other apoſtates from the American principle, and of propagating among the people of this country, the opinion that the Britiſh doctrine on that controverſy was the correct one, and that our claim had not the ſolid foundation of juſtice.

The queſtion of our right to the colonial trade, is next to that reſpecting impreſſments, the moſt important of any which has ever been agitated between Great Britain and us, ſince the peace of our Independence. It would even take the lead of that, if the ſecurity to perſonal liberty were not prior in the nature and duties of government, to any poſſible queſtion relating to mere property. As it affects the intereſt of this Union, its greateſt importance is to the eaſtern and commercal ſection; to New-England commerce and navigation, it is abſolutely vital. It is by means of this trade, and of this alone, that we are provided with ſubſtitutes for thoſe rich ſtaples of commerce, which nature has bountifully beſtowed upon the ſoil and climate of our ſouthern brethren, and which ſhe has denied to us. To abandon the right to this colonial trade, there-

fore, is to sacrifice not only one of the best rights of an independent nation, but the peculiar and most precious interests of New-England. At the time when this letter was written, Great Britain had struck a deadly blow at this unquestionable right, and this momentous interest. According to her usual custom, she had begun, without an hour's notice, to sweep the ocean clear of American property, under the assumption of a new pretended principle, and she had set her most accomplished sophists in the schools of national jurisprudence, at work, to colour her robberies with a show of argument. At that time, the cause of truth, of justice, and of America was POPULAR. The very day before this letter of Mr. Ames was dated, the *principle* of the American right had been asserted by an *unanimous* vote in the Senate of the United States. There was not a man of any character as a Statesman, in the United States, who dared to advocate the British pretensions. The very banks and insurance offices resounded with the cry of British injustice and of American independence. Even then, however, Mr. Ames and some less than half a dozen others, had been brought to imagine that they had probed this subject to the bottom, and had found that the true principle was that asserted by Britain, and that the best thing we could do, would be to *submit.* The process by which this conviction was wrought upon the mind of Mr. Ames, was an operation upon the three articles of creed, which the fanatics of his political sect had imposed upon his understanding, and which were unfolded in my last paper—*the worship of British power—execration of France*—and *contempt for the people of America.* His letter of the 27th November, 1805, to the same member of Congress, confined altogether to the discussion of this topic, proves that the sophistry of the British pamphleteers, had taken complete possession of his mind. The British principle was right, because the British power on the sea was irresistible. It was right because it was *necessary* to Britain fighting for her existence—It was right because France had no navy—It was right because France would not permit us to trade with her colonies in time of peace. This reasoning so exactly resembling that of Æsop's wolf, in his dis-

pute with the lamb, had actually proved too ſtrong for Mr. Ames's dialectics. He had a conſiderable pecuniary intereſt at ſtake upon the iſſue of reſiſtance againſt *that* ſally of Britiſh rapine. But money, even his own money, was nothing and leſs than nothing in his eyes, when the neceſſity of Britain's agonies or the ſupremacy of Britain's naval dominion, came in conflict with it, in a ſtruggle againſt France. His opinion of Britiſh ſpirit was as exalted as his idea of Britiſh logic, and from his contempt for our faculties, both of heart and head, he concluded that *we* ſhould only bluſter, but that John Bull would ſay he was "as little convinced as afraid," and that we ſhould ultimately acquieſce. It did ſo happen, that we perſevered in our claims, and that John Bull, whether convinced or afraid, did at that time abandon his pretenſion.

It was, however, again aſſumed in ſubſtance, by the far famed orders of council of 11th November, 1807. The proſpect of a war with England was now rendered much more probable. As it advanced, and the dangers of our country increaſed, the worſhippers of Britain ſaw a dawn of hope, that with the aid of the Britiſh doctrines, they might hurl from power the then adminiſtration, and vault into their ſeats themſelves. They renounced all pretence to any claim of right againſt Great Britain, and immediately after the outrage upon the Cheſapeake, formally undertook to juſtify in a public newſpaper of this town, the act of the Britiſh admiral Berkeley, upon a pretended right of the Britiſh to take ſeamen from an American national ſhip, by force.

Mr. Ames's *number of friends* have not ſeen fit to indulge the public with his ſentiments upon that tranſaction. We know not whether he had reconciled *his* ſoul to the belief, that every Britiſh naval Lieutenant had a *right* to ſearch an American ſhip of war for men; but we confeſs that judging from the ſpecimens they have given of his late ſentiments upon Britiſh rights, we do not regret the loſs of his opinions upon the affair of the Cheſapeake.

The people were alarmed by the near proſpect of a war with England.—The people were diſtreſſed by the operation of the embargo.—The people were partially de-

luded by the impoſture of a pretended miſſion to atone for the attack on the Cheſapeake. At this critical moment, one of thoſe very Senators, who in February, 1806, had voted that the Britiſh pretenſion to exclude us from the colonial trade in time of war, was a violation of our rights and an encroachment upon our independence, came out in a printed pamphlet as the champion for that very Britiſh pretenſion. The argument of Mr. Ames's letters doubtleſs had converted him from the American error of his ways; and although Mr. Ames, when writing thoſe letters, had felt it to be the duty of "*a good citizen, to be ſilent while our ſide was argued*," yet his friends have not thought it indecorous, at the very moment when OUR SIDE was in the moſt imminent jeopardy, to ſummon him from the ſilence of the grave, to bear his teſtimony in favour of our adverſary.

Thanks to the good and wiſe diſpoſer of all events, that this weapon has alſo fallen blunted to the ground! Thanks to almighty God, that the nation has been ſaved from the diſgrace and ruin, which ſubmiſſion to this inſolent and groundleſs pretenſion of Great Britain, would have brought upon them! The purpoſe of breaking down the ſenſe and ſpirit of this people, to that level of degradation which would have aſſented to the hollow ſophiſtry of the Britiſh claim, has been defeated.—The opinions of Mr. Ames, will not now avail, as an apology for treachery to the rights of the country.

There is indeed one point of view, in which the publication of theſe letters will be ſerviceable to the public. They have diſcovered, beyond all contradiction and denial, the real fundamental principles, of that political ſect, which has obtained the controul of our ſtate adminiſtration, and which for the laſt two years has been driving with ſuch furious zeal to a diſſolution of the Union—combined with an alliance, offenſive and defenſive, with Great Britain.

The laſt half of this volume might be denominated, the political bible of the *junto*. If there be a reflecting man in any of our ſiſter ſtates, not infected with the ſcab of this political leproſy, who has any doubt what the junto

principles really are, let him attentively read that part of this volume which had never before been publiſhed. Here he will find thoſe principles which they have heretofore circulated in whiſpers among themſelves, and denied when charged with them in public; which in their ſecret conclaves they profeſs as articles of faith, and which in their public manifeſtoes they repel with indignation, as ſlanderous aſperſions. Here he will find, ſpun from a degenerate plant of our own ſoil, that three-fold cord of *Proſtration to Britain*, *Horror of France*, and *Contempt for America*, which binds together the whole political ſyſtem of the faction.

But although the pretenſions contended for by Great Britain, has once more been withdrawn, and will, in all probability, not now form a ſubject of controverſy between the two nations, we have no ſecurity that in the firſt hour of ſucceſs which the chances of war may evolve in her favour, ſhe will not aſſert it again. Should the temptation of a rich and defenceleſs commerce, expanded over every ocean, and immediately under the fangs of her naval power, again concur with that "envious jealouſy and canker'd ſpite," which ſickens many of her moſt influential ſtateſmen at the ſight of American proſperity, that accommodating principle of Britiſh law of nations, which like the devils of Milton's Pandemonium, ſwells into a giant or ſhrinks into a pigmy, as its occaſions require, will again make its appearance "in its own dimenſions, like itſelf." The rule of the war of 1756, painted with ſome new ſophiſtical varniſh, will iſſue again from the dens of Doctor's Commons, as an Aſiatic panther leaps from the thicket upon the unwary traveller. The commerce of America will be its victim; and the *Canning* of the day, with ſome ſarcaſtic ſneer, may refer us, for the juſtification of Britiſh depredations, to the opinions of an American ſtateſman. One of your own juriſts, he will ſay, has ſettled the queſtion againſt you. Mr. Ames has ſanctioned the Britiſh doctrine.

There is another public miſchief which may reſult from the publication of theſe private letters of Mr. Ames, reſpecting this queſtion. There are two remarkable peculiarities in the American character: The people of this

country have a more profound reſpect for *Right* and *Juſtice*, than any other nation upon the face of the earth. They would never contend for any claim, the juſtice of which they ſhould not ſincerely *believe* to be on their ſide. They are alſo very much influenced in their opinions by the authority of reſpected *names*. Theſe two qualities are, upon the whole, much to their honour; although the faction, whoſe principles I have undertaken to expoſe, have made this love of Juſtice, for many years, the theme of their ridicule. Mr. Jefferſon, who was well acquainted with this characteriſtic of his countrymen, often, very often appealed to this ſtrong ſenſe of Juſtice, and expreſſed his confidence in its operation. His reliance upon it has been one of the moſt copious fountains of merriment and deriſion, played by his antagoniſts upon him—a merriment and deriſion, in which it appears from this volume, the mind of Mr. Ames himſelf did not diſdain to participate. The floods of ſarcaſm and invective which have guſhed upon him, for his repeated references to the umpirage of reaſon, are univerſally known; and this ſagacious mirth might be indulged as harmleſs, were it not inſeparably connected with a political ſyſtem. If, then, the people of America could be prevailed upon to think that they have no *right* to claim a free trade with the colonies of Britain's enemies, in time of war, they would never aſſert it; they would, without a ſtruggle, ſurrender the trade, whenever it might ſuit the purpoſes of the Britiſh cabinet to take it from neutrals, and give it excluſively to their own people. When this book was publiſhed the two countries were on the brink of war, chiefly upon this very queſtion; and the intention of the publication manifeſtly was to ſtagger the faith of the nation in their *right*. Had the recent trial of our perſeverance and fortitude continued much longer, the abhorrence of war would have given the flimſieſt cobweb of ſophiſtry the conſiſtency of ſound logic, in the minds of a great portion of the people of New England: eſpecially when the Britiſh party might have rung in the ears of every trembling patriot, that Mr. Ames had declared himſelf againſt our *right* to the object in conteſt. I have no

doubt that if this right ſhould again be denied by Britain, and again call for our exertions to defend it, the ſame party will reſort to the ſame expedient, and that the authority of Mr. Ames's opinion will be vouched to ſeal the degradation of the nation, and the ſurrender of this great and unqueſtionable right.

It becomes, therefore, a duty to declare, that from Mr. Ames's diſcuſſion of this queſtion, in theſe private letters, not a ſingle ſcintilation of new light upon the ſubject has been elicited; that he pins his faith upon Sir William Scott, and the miniſterial pamphleteers; that the two great pillars of his argument are *power* and *neceſſity* —Both theſe pillars Mr. Madiſon had broken up into atoms, utterly harmleſs and contemptible, in his examination of the Britiſh doctrine, and even the talisman of Mr. Ames's eloquence is not adequate to the recompoſition of their duſt into ſolid columns. The expoſition of ſound principle and irrefragable proof in that work, is a ſubſtantial pledge to the nation that Mr. Madiſon will never abandon the right which he ſo clearly vindicated, and while we drop a tear of compaſſion upon the political weakneſs of Mr. Ames's declining days let us rejoice that the maintenance of our national rights againſt Great Britain has been committed to men of firmer minds. The honour of diſclaiming the liberties of the nation, will not, I believe, ſoon be conteſted againſt Mr. Ames, but when the pretenders of friendſhip, fitted with their unhallowed hands the deadly night-ſhade, inſtead of the laurel to his lifeleſs brows, was there not ſome miniſter of eternal juſtice to interpoſe, and fix it with the merited diſhonour upon their own?

NUMBER III.

1. "THERE is a kind of fatality in the affairs OF REPUBLICS, that eludes the foreſight of the wiſe as much as it *frustrates* the toils and ſacrifices of the patriot and the hero."

"*Dangers of American Liberty*," *p.* 380 *of the volume.*

2. " It is pretty enough to say, the republic commands, and the love of the republic dictates obedience to the heart of every citizen. This is system, but is it nature? The *republic* is a creature of fiction; it is every body in the fancy, but nobody in the *heart*. *Love*, to be any thing, must be *select* and *exclusive*. We may as well talk of loving geometry as the commonwealth." *p.* 395.

3. " It is said, that *in republics*, majorities invariably oppress minorities. Can there be any real patriotism in a state, which is thus filled with those who exercise and those who suffer tyranny? But *how much less* reason has any man to love that country, in which the voice of the majority is counterfeited, or the vicious, ignorant, and needy are the instruments, and the wise and worthy are the victims of oppression." *p.* 413.

4. " Is there in human affairs an occasion of profligacy, more shameless or more contagious than a general election? *Every spring* gives birth and gives wings to this *epidemic mischief*. Then begins a sort of tillage, that turns up to the sun and air the most noxious weeds in the kindliest soil; or to speak still more seriously, it is a mortal pestilence, that begins with rottenness in the marrow." *p.* 415.

5. " Federalism was, therefore, *manifestly founded on a mistake*, on the supposed existence of sufficient political virtue, and on the permanency and authority of the public morals." *p.* 416.

These strains of panegyric upon republics, and republican institutions, are extracted word for word from a dissertation upon " the Dangers of American Liberty," written by Mr. Ames, and communicated in February, 1805, to one of his friends, but never published until after his decease, in this compilation.

Its title, " The Dangers of American Liberty," is a misnomer—The whole scope of its argument is to prove the position, which on the Thanksgiving evening of the

ſame year he wrote in a private letter to another friend—that American liberty "*was gone ; never to return.*"

An ingenious annotator has ſeized upon one ſhort paragraph, as indicating the motive for which this "gloomy picture of the affairs of our country" was delineated. He ſays it was to *defer*, or *mitigate* our *fate* by *alarming* the *honeſt* part of our citizens.

If this was really the motive, (and as the faireſt in favour of the author's intentions, to which it can be aſcribed, I have the ſtrongeſt inclination to believe it) the performance was ill adapted to the deſign—for the only poſſible application to be drawn from it by a rational being, would be, not *exertion* but *deſpair*—Every principle, every illuſtration, every inference leads the mind irreſiſtibly to the concluſion, that the miſeries of our condition were beyond the reach of counſel ; that the virtue and wiſdom of the country were under the irretrievable dominion of its vice and folly ; and that there was nothing left among the good and great of this nation, but to ſhew with what a profuſion of rhetorical flowers they could ſtrew the grave of liberty, and in how many graceful varieties of attitude they could bite their chains. Its natural effect was, not *alarm*, but *convulſion.*

It was not intended by its author for publication. In the letter to the friend to whom it had been communicated, he expreſsly ſays, that "to be of value enough *for the author to own it*, he muſt be allowed *time*, muſt beſtow on it more thought, ſearch for *facts* and *principles* in pamphlets and larger works, and in ſhort, make it entirely over again."

I agree entirely with him, that it was not of value enough *for the author to own it ;* and think that his friends would have proved their affection for him, as well as their reſpect for the public, if they had ſhewn more deference to his opinion in this caſe, and leſs eagerneſs to ſpread abroad their favourite tenets. Whether the pamphlets or larger works, to which alone in his temper of mind he would have reſorted for facts and principles, would have improved the complexion of his work, is not neceſſary to enquire—if the only objection againſt it were its want of value, I ſhould neither complain of the editors, nor preſent the above ex-

tracts to the *meditations* of the public—But it contains, upon a subject deeply interesting to this country, principles at war with reason, and assertions at war with fact. Had these been merely the errors of Mr. Ames, I would have lamented in silence the indiscretion of his friends, in exposing them to the world, and suffered them to perish by the natural decays of their own absurdity—But they are not the wanderings of Mr. Ames's imagination—They are the principles of a faction, which has succeeded in obtaining the management of this commonwealth, and which aspired to the government of the Union. Defeated in this last object of their ambition, and sensible that the engines by which they have attained the mastery of the state are not sufficiently comprehensive, nor enough within their control to wield the machinery of the nation, their next resort was to dismember what they could not sway, and to form a new confederacy, to be under the glorious shelter of British protection. To prepare the public mind for changes so abhorrent to the temper and character of our people, the doctrines, with which this volume teems, were to be ushered into public view, whenever a prospect for their favourable reception might appear. . Mr. Ames, in writing these papers, and others, published before his death, disclosing not quite so clearly the system of the party, was acting *under an impulse of which he was himself not aware*—But the period of his death happening just at a moment of great national difficulty and distress, the chosen hour was concluded to have arrived, when these theories might be circulated with the greatest effect ; and when disgust at our popular institutions, contempt for our own country, detestation of France, and subserviency to Britain, might be so mingled up with the influence of Mr. Ames's name, that the whole would be swallowed by the public, without examination, and all contribute to the purposes of the party. The proceedings of the state legislature during the present year have furnished ample proofs, *that these principles* have been at the root of their whole system of measures. It is also a fact perfectly well known, that many of these measures have been carried by reluctant votes ; that many members of the majority have most unwillingly assented to them;

and on one occaſion when a ſingle ſpirited member preſumed to have an opinion of his own, he was attacked in one of the preſſes of the faction, for daring to think for himſelf. The legiſlature of the ſucceeding year will be of the ſame political party as the laſt. They will not be checked by a chief magiſtrate of different opinions, and the country has been threatened with no equivocal anticipation of what will be attempted, "when the *whole* government of the ſtate ſhould be united in one joint effort, with other ſtates, whoſe intereſts and objects are ſimilar to our own." It is therefore a ſenſe of duty to the country, which enjoins a pointed attention to the tenets of this book, as well as to their practical effects in the adminiſtration of our affairs.

Mr. Ames (ſays his biographer) was emphatically a *republican.* Let his republicaniſm be teſted by theſe extracts, to which a thouſand others of the ſame caſt of character might be added. The firſt extract declares that the affairs of republics are governed by a perverſe fatality—the ſecond, that it is impoſſible to love a republic—the third, that there can be no ſuch thing as patriotiſm in a republic, and leaſt of all in one like ours—the fourth, that our annual elections are a mortal peſtilence, that begins with rottenneſs in the marrow—and the fifth, that the federaliſm which formed our national conſtitution was manifeſtly founded on a miſtake, in ſuppoſing the exiſtence of political virtue.

The reaſoning in the ſecond deſerves particular notice—it is impoſſible to love the republic; becauſe the republic is a creature of fiction; and becauſe love, to be any thing, muſt be *ſelect* and EXCLUSIVE. Inſtead of the republic, let the word be *our country*—the argument is preciſely the ſame—our country is a creature of fiction. Our country compriſes the whole nation to which we belong—The love of our country, if it be any thing, can neither be ſelect nor excluſive: it is the love of the whole community, and prompts to zeal for the welfare of all, without diſtinction of party or of place. The ſentiment of the heart which diſowns all love, but ſuch as is ſelect and excluſive, is neither congenial with republicaniſm nor with Chriſtianity. Mr. Ames acknowledged the authority of

him whoſe injunction to his diſciples was, "but I ſay unto you, LOVE YOUR ENEMIES." Was this ſelect or excluſive? In truth, this principle of *ſelection* and *excluſion*, in the application of our affections to the *political* relations of ſociety, is a pernicious error of morals as well as of politics. Mr. Ames would have found no ſuch doctrine in Cicero's Books of Offices—And the conſequences of this principle are as miſchievous as its origin is contracted. It is the ſeminal principle from which *faction* takes its birth. It is this *ſelect* and *excluſive* love, which breeds the whimſey, that there are ſcarcely ſix hundred out of ſix millions, who look for liberty any where but upon paper. It ſharpens all the aſperities of party ſpirit, and makes federaliſts and republicans conſider one another, not as fellow-citizens having a common intereſt; but as two rival nations marſhalled in hoſtile array againſt each other.

Had Mr. Ames, but given himſelf time to reflect upon his own labours, he muſt have perceived the fallacy of confounding that ſentiment of ſocial benevolence, which in our country is properly denominated the Love of the Republic, with that ſelect and excluſive affection which belongs to the connections of domeſtic life—Parental, conjugal and filial love, no doubt is ſelect and excluſive, yet its limitations are not in the paſſion, but in its objects. The love of the Republic, which is the love of our country upon the ſame general foundation of good will, expands with the extent of its object, and can embrace a whole continent with as much eaſe as a ſingle city. But like all the ſocial virtues it requires cultivation, and will not thrive upon ridicule and contempt.

Incorrect as this paſſage is with regard to principle, it is not more ſo than the fourth extract, in point of fact. What muſt be the opinion of reſpectable foreigners who ſhall read this terrible invect ve againſt our annual elections?—And what muſt be their ſurpriſe on being informed that it is merely a picture of the imagination—That it has no foundation in reality. If indeed a reader can diſcard the prepoſſeſſion ariſing from the Author's name, there are in this extract ſome internal marks of inaccuracy. The accuſation of *ſhameleſs profligacy* is in thoſe

broad and general terms, which ſo often ſhelter a deluſion. No ſpecific example of this ſuppoſed profligacy is alleged. The remainder of the paragraph may be cited as a curious inſtance of Judgment extinguiſhed in the blaze of Fancy. Our elections are held in the Spring. The *Spring* ſtarts an idea of tillage: tillage leads the thoughts to Summer, and that gives the hint of an *Epidemic.* From that moment the acceſſorial images become the principal figures. The tillage turns up noxious weeds—The epidemic becomes a mortal peſtilence—The *election* is entirely gone from the mind both of the writer and the reader—Nothing remains but the noxious weeds and the peſtilence.

The two great vices, to which the experience of ancient and modern times, in other countries has ſhewn popular elections to be liable, are *bribery* and *violence.* I appeal now to the conſciouſneſs of every citizen of the Commonwealth. Are the inſtances of either, common in our Elections? I affirm with the moſt perfect confidence that they are extremely rare. There is ſometimes an exceſs of zeal, and an enthuſiaſm of party ſpirit in favour of the reſpective candidates, and the newſpapers on both ſides are too acceſſible to ſcurrility and calumny againſt the perſons whoſe names are held up for the ſuffrage of the voters. The general election is always a period of ſome agitation, and it ſtimulates and ſharpens the anti-ſocial paſſions of many individuals. But I have no fear of being contradicted when I ſay that our elections are remarkable for the purity, the mildneſs and the decorum with which they are conducted. It is inconceivable that a man acquainted with the Roman hiſtory, in the age of Cicero and Clodius ſhould ſay as Mr. Ames does ſay, that "thoſe times were not more corrupt than our own."*

* The 'deep corruption of those times' is described by the Poet Lucan, not with metaphors about noxious weeds, and epidemic mischiefs; but with the specific characters of truth.

"Mensuraque juris
"Vis erat: hinc leges, et plebis scita coactae;
"Et cum Consulibus turbantes jura Tribuni;
"Hinc rapti precio fasces sectorque favoris
"Ipse sui populus; letalisque ambitus urbi,
"Annua venali referens certamina Campo.

But perhaps no one of these extracts deserves more seriously to be reflected upon than the fifth—Which so explicitly asserts that federalism, at the establishment of the Constitution, was *manifestly founded on a mistake*, in supposing the existence of virtue in the people.

It was observed in a former paper that the friends of Mr. Ames, who with such anxious industry have gathered all the gleanings of the newspapers of late years, for hasty crudities, which he never avowed, and who have abused the confidence of private correspondence, by publishing letters which on the face of them appear confidential, have at the same time *omitted* from this compilation one of the most eloquent speeches, which as a public man, as a Representative of the People, he ever made. The remark might have been much more extensive in its application. It applies to all his speeches in Congress from the establishment of the Government, until January 1794. In the first Congress objects of great and lasting importance were discussed. The administration was organized. The principles were settled, and the constitution itself was in some respects new modelled. We are told by the learned Biographer, and it is known to every man whose memory can trace so far back the progress of our history, that in all these discussions Mr. Ames took an active and conspicuous part.—Yet of all the speeches which he delivered on those occasions, the Compilers of this volume, have not thought one worthy of preservation, until they come to that upon Mr. MADISON's Commercial Resolutions. Why all these omissions? and why this selection? —"The *why* is plain as way to parish church." The

> "Hence pliant, servile voices were *constrain'd*,
> "And force in popular assemblies reign'd.
> "Consuls and tribunes with opposing might
> "Join'd to confound and overturn the right:
> "Hence shameful magistrates were *made for gold*,
> "*And a base people by themselves were sold:*
> "Hence *slaughter* in the *venal* field returns,
> "And Rome her yearly competitions mourns."
>
> *Rowe's Lucan.*

Is it not a perversion of the essential nature of things, to draw political principles from such a state of society, as applicable to ours? Yet Mr Ames, after referring to some of the worst transactions of this very period in the Roman history, asks "Is not ALL THIS apparent in the United States?"

compilers hold that the federaliſm which founded the national conſtitution was *manifeſtly founded on a miſtake.* They have renounced the principles of their better days, and withhold from the public every thing which could revive their influence or recall their recollection. This degeneracy from the honourable principles which they once maintained, is not a new phenomenon in the hiſtory of parties. In all free countries it is an event by no means uncommon, and it calls for the moſt watchful attention of the genuine patriot. It is by ſimilar derelictions of their principles, that legitimate parties degenerate by degrees into intriguing factions and treaſonable conſpiracies.

After thus formally renouncing the original principles of federaliſm, what has *this ſect* of American politicians ſubſtituted in their ſtead? The volume upon which I have already beſtowed ſo much conſideration, and which will yet require more, furniſhes the anſwer.

The "Dangers of American Liberty" is a fable without a moral. It paints in the gloomy colours of a diſturbed imagination the ſuppoſed evils of our condition; and labours with painful argumentation to prove that *none* of the remedies or alleviations which minds of healthier hue, had ſuggeſted, can have any efficacy to reſtore us to the enjoyment of freedom. It indicates no remedy as adviſable to be tried.—What was the reaſon of this?

In a free country the firſt ſtep of ambitious and diſappointed *leaders*, whoſe only reſource is in a revolution, muſt naturally be to make the people diſſatisfied with their condition—To perſuade them that their ſituation is intolerable—The next, to extinguiſh all their hopes of its amendment from the natural courſe of things, and exiſting inſtitutions—The third is *Revolution.* Until the two firſt are accompliſhed, the inſtigators to the laſt, muſt often conceal, and ſometimes diſguiſe the means for its accompliſhment.

A revolution, not in the adminiſtration, but of the conſtitution, was obviouſly the only remedy within the reach of human powers, upon the mind of Mr. Ames. Taking the facts and the principles exhibited in this treatiſe for true, and the duty of inſurrection againſt ſuch a

ſtate of things follows as an irreſiſtible inference ; but the time was not come when this might ſafely be committed to paper. It is now known that the project for a diſmemberment of the Union, by a plan which required a *military commander*, had been very ſeriouſly propoſed to Mr. Hamilton, ſhortly before his death. It had probably been known to Mr. Ames, though he ſaid nothing of it in his eulogy of Hamilton. The paper drawn up by this gentleman, previous to his meeting with Col. Burr, manifeſtly alludes to that propoſition, and to a ſtate of things for which it was material to the public, that he ſhould keep his military character unqueſtioned. He had diſapproved and rejected the ſcheme of diſmemberment, and Mr. Ames, in this work ſpeaks of ſuch an expectation, as one of thoſe *flattering hopes*, which would not be realized. Poſſibly Mr. Ames was unwilling himſelf to look full in the face the expedients, which, on his ſtatements, alone remained for the redemption of the country. The eſſay on a Britiſh alliance, the dangers of American liberty, and the review of a late pamphlet on the Britiſh conſtitution, all diſcover him entangled in the toils between his premiſes and his concluſions. Like the poetical image of Fear, he firſt lays a bewildered hand amid the chords, and then recoils, he knows not why,

" E'en at the ſound himſelf had made."

The practical comment upon theſe principles is to be found, in the publication of theſe papers againſt the clear injunction of their author, and in the meaſures of the Maſſachuſetts Legiſlature, precipitated by the men who believe in the ſame doctrines.

One of their firſt acts, on ſecuring a majority in the legiſlature, was to manifeſt their hatred of popular elections, by taking a very important election from the people, to exerciſe it themſelves ; to ſhew that federaliſm was founded on a miſtake, they undertook to dictate (under the pretence of a requeſt,) to the repreſentatives of the people in Congreſs, how they ſhould act, and when ſome of thoſe repreſentatives diſcovered, in a firm, though reſpectful manner, their ſenſe of their own rights and obliga-

tions to the People, they replied, with inſulting contumely. They have attempted, and but for the negative of the chief magiſtrate, would have authorized direct and forcible reſiſtance againſt the laws of the Union. They have countenanced the groſſeſt outrages committed againſt us by Great-Britain, and have not ſcrupled to call aloud upon Congreſs to go to war with France. They have openly avowed the intention of a partial aſſociation with ſome of the neighbouring ſtates, and to manifeſt their *ſelect* and *excluſive* love, they have fomented local jealouſies, and inſtigated invidious animoſities againſt our fellow-citizens in other parts of the union.

My countrymen! the ſeeds and the fruits are both before you. If the extracts at the head of this paper are emphatically Republican, the leading meaſures of the Legiſlature have been emphatically patriotic. They flow from the ſame ſources; proſtration to Britain, horror of France, and contempt for the American people.

NUMBER IV.

SUBSERVIENCY to Britain—Abhorrence of France—and contempt for the American people.—Such are the three foundation ſtones upon which the political ſyſtem of Mr. Ames, in his laſt days was erected. This political ſyſtem has become the predominating policy of the petty majority in the Legiſlature of this Commonwealth. It is upon this baſis that their principal meaſures of the laſt year have ariſen. It is believed that a large proportion of that ſmall majority, have been reluctantly drawn into the current of this fatal *vortex*. It is hoped that an expoſure of theſe principles in their naked deformity, a demonſtration of their pernicious tendency to the peace and liberties of this nation, and a diſcloſure of the chain of connection between the doctrines of the volume, and the proceedings of the party, will not be without its uſe to the people of the Commonwealth and of the Union.

For this purpoſe ſome extracts from this publication

have been given in former papers. And as partial quotations of ſingle ſentences are not of themſelves a ſufficient foundation from which the principles of a writer can be inferred, a view has alſo been taken of the general character and tendency of thoſe writings of Mr. Ames, which are now publiſhed for the firſt time. The anti-republican prejudices which originated in his exceſſive admiration of Britain, and his extreme contempt for our country, were exhibited in the ſurvey taken in my laſt paper, of his projected work, which his editors have chosen to entitle "*The Dangers of American Liberty.*"

A natural conſequence of the mean eſtimation in which he held the whole people of America, was the jealouſy, and it is not too much to ſay rancor, with which he contemplated the people of thoſe parts of the Union not in our own immediate neighbourhood. I propoſe in this paper to preſent a number of extracts from that ſame treatiſe, indicating the *temper* of his ſentiments upon this ſubject, and to ſuggeſt ſome obſervations upon them, for the conſideration of my readers.

1. "The progreſs of party has given to *Virginia* a preponderance, that perhaps was not foreſeen. Certainly, ſince the late amendment in the article for the choice of Preſident and Vice-Preſident, there is no exiſting proviſion of any efficacy to counteract it." *p.* 385.

2. "If ſtates were neither able nor inclined to obſtruct the federal union, much indeed, might be hoped from ſuch a confederation. But *Virginia*, *Pennsylvania*, and *New-York* are of an extent ſufficient to form potent monarchies, and, of courſe, are too powerful, as well as too proud, to be ſubjects of the federal laws. Accordingly, one of the firſt ſchemes of amendment, and the moſt early executed, was to exempt them in form from the obligations of juſtice." *p.* 385.

3. "Here let Americans read their own hiſtory. Here let even *Virginia* learn, how perilous and how frail will be the conſummation of her ſchemes." *p.* 387.

4. "The great ſtate of *Virginia* has fomented a licentious ſpirit among her neighbours." *p.* 388.

5. "What ſhall we denominate the *oligarchy* that ſways the authority of *Virginia?*" *p.* 399.

6. "*Virginia* has never been more federal than it was, when from conſiderations of policy, and, perhaps, in the hope of future ſucceſs from its intrigues, it adopted the new conſtitution; for it has never deſiſted from obſtructing its meaſures, and urging every ſcheme that would reduce it back again to the imbecility of the old confederation. To the diſmay of every true patriot, theſe arts have at length fatally ſucceeded; and our ſyſtem of government now differs very little from what it would have been, if the impoſt propoſed by the old Congreſs had been granted, and the new federal conſtitution had never been adopted by the ſtates."

7. "The ſtraggling ſettlements of the *ſouthern part of the Union*, which now is the governing part, have been formed by emigrants from almoſt every nation of Europe. Safe in their ſolitudes alike from the annoyance of enemies and of government, it is infinitely more probable, that they will *ſink into barbariſm* than riſe to the dignity of national ſentiment and character."

8. "Are not the wandering Tartars or Indian hunters at leaſt as ſuſceptible of patriotiſm as theſe ſtragglers in our weſtern foreſts, and infinitely fonder of glory? It is difficult to conceive of a country, which, from the manner of its ſettlement, or the manifeſt tendencies of its politics, is more deſtitute or more incapable of being inſpired with political virtue." *p.* 414.

In grouping together theſe ſentiments, from a heart ulcerated againſt our fellow citizens beyond the borders of New England, I am performing a taſk ſtill more ungracious than when collecting the moſt ſtriking teſtimonials of the author's contempt for us all. If it be true, that the people in the different quarters of this Union are not ſufficiently drawn together by the ties which form the connections of a common country—If it be true that they have in every great ſection certain varieties or ſuppoſed oppoſitions

of intereſt, and many paſſions and prejudices, which alienate them from each other, let me aſk, what ought to be the principles, and the maxims, of a genuine American ſtateſman?—Can there be any patriotiſm, can there be any wiſdom, can there be any humanity, in a painful exertion of intellect, to awaken every ſleeping ember of jealouſy, to widen every breach of ſeparation, to ſtiffen coldneſs into froſt, to exaſperate indifference into rancour? No, it is to aggravate the very evil of which we complain. Crimination and reproach are not the natural inſtruments of conciliation. Unjuſt reproach inevitably calls forth and deſerves reſentment; its natural offspring are hatred and revenge. I cannot waſte words upon an argument to prove that the firſt of human bleſſings to this country is *Union*. I muſt take this for granted; and then I ſay, legiſlators of America! whether aſſembled in the halls of Congreſs, or in the Aſſemblies of the individual States; whether exerciſing the magiſtracy delegated by the people and your conſtitutions, or that natural magiſtracy, which among a free and virtuous people, is the prerogative of genius and virtue, delegated by heaven, and operating by the influence of your writings and examples; let it be your firſt ſtudy to draw together theſe elements which are too looſely aſſociated—Promote a ſpirit of conciliation—ſoften aſperities——cheriſh a good underſtanding with your neighbours—exhibit to them a confidence in their integrity—an accommodating diſpoſition toward their intereſts—a cheerfulneſs in the ſupport of common burthens; a candid acknowledgement of participation in common enjoyments—a good humour and benevolence, ſuch as ſeldom fails among men with any degree of civilization to meet with a like return. Do not totally eſtrange from each other thoſe whoſe common misfortune it is not to be cloſely enough allied. Do not make national enemies of thoſe who are not ſufficiently fellow citizens. Do not enkindle fraternal fury among thoſe whoſe greateſt want is a ſufficient ardour of fraternal affection.

There is no real oppoſition of intereſts between any one part of this union and another. Nothing but diſunion can create ſuch an oppoſition; but that would create

it; and in its train an endleſs perſpective of unextinguiſhable war. Union is peace; and peace is liberty. Diſmemberment would from its origin breed war and deſpotiſm at a ſingle birth.

When Burr and Blannerhaſſet were attempting a project of diſunion, to be effected by a diviſion of the Weſtern States, they circulated, in converſations and newſpapers, the ſame excitements among them to jealouſy and envy againſt their Atlantic ſiſters, as we find in theſe extracts againſt the ſtragglers of the foreſts. They urged that the weſtern people were oppreſſed by the commercial ſtates; that we had made them our tributaries; that they had paid a heavy load of taxes for our benefit; that the produce of *their* lands was applied to pay our debts; that the national government was *without energy*, and that from all this muſt follow within five, or even two years, *the diſſolution of the Union.* This language was as plauſible, and not more deluſive than that held forth to *our* ſelfiſh paſſions, in the "Dangers of American Liberty." By a partial and inſidious repreſentation of things, nothing can be more eaſy than to paint any one part of the Union, as under oppreſſion from the reſt—A juſt repreſentation, which draws a candid balance of advantages and inconveniences, muſt prove alike to every part, that the anchor of their ſalvation is union; that the laſt hopes of improvement in the condition of man, would periſh for ever in our diviſion.

Mr. Ames, to the laſt hour of his life, appears to have taken a pride in conſidering himſelf as a diſciple of the Waſhington ſchool of American politics. I will not repeat here the words of that great man, in which he cautions his countrymen againſt all ſuch addreſſes to their local prejudices and reciprocal jealouſies.—They have been ſo recently and ſo often repeated in the public prints, that they muſt be upon the memory, as I would they were in the hearts of all my readers. Between theſe ſentiments and thoſe of the "Dangers of American Liberty," the contraſt is too ſtriking not to be perceived by every perſon who will compare them—But in renouncing the political principles of Waſhington, Mr. Ames could not help renouncing his own. Theſe ſcornful and contemp-

tuous ſtrictures upon the inhabitants of the Weſtern States, how poor and unamiable do they appear, when compared with thoſe beautiful paſſages in the ſpeech upon the treaty of 1794, where he urges the ſituation, and the intereſts of thoſe very weſtern people, as arguments for the appropriations required by that inſtrument. Theſe paſſages compoſe perhaps the fineſt ſpecimen of American eloquence that ever was pronounced. And in what does their ſuperior excellence exiſt? In what, but that ardent fellow-feeling, that blaze of *patriotiſm*, that keen and vivid participation in their dangers, and that earneſtneſs of zeal for their ſafety, which the ſpeaker profeſſed, and which at that time I have no doubt he really felt?

It is in the nature of confederated republics, that every member of the aſſociation ſhould endeavour to raiſe as high as poſſible its own weight and influence over the whole. It would be abſurd to complain of this diſpoſition, becauſe it is inherent in the nature of men. All aſſociations of ſuch a political character ought to be calculated upon it, and conſtituted in ſuch a manner as to control its operations.—Their mechaniſm ſhould be ſuch as to allow each member of the ſociety, its due and proportional weight; and at the ſame time to check in every one, by the common intereſt and effort of the reſt that ſort of aſcendancy, which might tend to make one part ſubſervient to the other. The progreſs of party has perhaps contributed in ſome degree to increaſe the preponderance of Virginia, in the counſels of our union; but a man muſt have taken a very partial view of our late hiſtory, not to perceive that the concurrence of party politics with Virginian policy, is accidental and temporary; that it cannot long continue, and that there is every proſpect that thoſe engines, inſtead of operating in concert, will ſoon be in oppoſition to each other. It is not party, but the preſent *Conſtitution*, which has given a ſolid and permanent increaſe to the influence of Virginia; and if this was not foreſeen when the conſtitution was adopted, it was becauſe conſequences which after the event are found to have been inevitable, and extremely obvious, are often not anticipated, by the foreſight of the profoundeſt ſtateſmen. Under the old

confederation, every ſtate had the ſame power in the adminiſtration of the national affairs. Under the preſent conſtitution, a popular repreſentation was introduced, and the moſt powerful branch of the Legiſlature, was ſo compoſed, as to give the greateſt influence to the ſtate of the largeſt population. I ſee nothing in this which ought to affect or alarm an American patriot; nor can I ſubſcribe at all to the opinion that the aſcendency of Virginia has become uncontrolable.

It is also a great error to reaſon upon the hypotheſis that the *State* of Virginia as ſuch has a ſteady, uniform, premeditated ſyſtem of policy, hoſtile to the general government, which ſhe conſtantly purſues under all the changes of her own adminiſtration. Mr. Ames gives as little quarter to Virginia *federaliſm*, as to Virginia oligarchy. He would have us believe that ſhe adopted the conſtitution, only from conſiderations of policy, and in the hope of ſucceſs to her intrigues. This is the very wormwood of local jealouſy. The federaliſm of Virginia, had at that day the same obſtacles to encounter as the federaliſm of Maſſachuſetts. Its objects of purſuit were the ſame, and it ſucceeded by a victory as hardly conteſted, and by a majority of about the ſame proportion. The firſt preſident of the United States was a native of Virginia; but it is not intimated that during his adminiſtration of eight years, the ſtate of Virginia had an undue aſcendency in the government of the nation. On the contrary, Mr. Ames's great complaint is that ſhe was conſtantly thwarting and counteracting it. At length he ſays ſhe fatally ſucceeded in reducing it to the imbecility of the old confederation.

I ſhall not undertake the taſk of vindicating the policy of Virginia, while the government of the ſtate was in oppoſition to the general government. It reſembled too much that of the preſent rulers of Maſſachuſetts, to harmonize with my ideas of correct conſtitutional principles. But reflect upon the tranſactions of the Jefferſon adminiſtration. Reflect eſpecially upon the tranſactions of the two laſt years. The part of perplexing, of obſtructing, of counteracting the meaſures of the general government has not been performed by Virginia. She has no otherwiſe

interfered in the affairs of the nation than to pledge herſelf in the moſt ſolemn manner, to ſupport the national authorities, at a moſt perilous criſis of our affairs. The "*ſelect*" and "*excluſive*" friends of Mr. Ames, have exchanged weapons with Virginia. But Virginia in the moſt virulent extreme of her oppoſition never joined the banners of a foreign enemy to ſtrike the ſtandard of the union.

The ſtate policy of Virginia, like that of Maſſachuſetts and of every other State in the union, fluctuates according to the iſſue of her annual elections. In the great *party* diviſion which has pervaded the whole union, and which exiſted long before the federal conſtitution, Virginia, like all her ſiſters, was divided againſt herſelf. One effect of the conſtitution was to new organize theſe two parties, and give each of them a rallying point in the perſon of one individual. The individual *on both ſides*, was a native of Virginia. WASHINGTON was the leader of the federaliſts. JEFFERSON, of the republicans. The Virginia repreſentation in Congreſs was always partly federal and partly republican. At the ſecond preſidential election, the vote of Virginia, like that of the other ſtates, was unanimous for Waſhington. To this day, the Chief Juſtice of the United States, and another Judge of the Supreme Court, are natives of Virginia, and federaliſts. Both of them, as well as the preſent Preſident of the United States, were among the active ſupporters of the federal conſtitution, and members of the Virginia State Convention which adopted it. In the election which has juſt taken place, four federaliſts at leaſt, and two or three others, as far from the political ſyſtem of the Preſident, as federaliſm itſelf, have been choſen members of the Houſe of Repreſentatives. Shall we be told that all this ſignifies nothing. That they are all *Oligarchs*. And that all theſe *federaliſts* of Virginia, are moved only by conſiderations of policy, "and the hope of future ſucceſs from their intrigues." Such is Mr. Ames's argument.—Such is the ſtanding doctrine of his ſelect and excluſive friends. But of all this may be truly predicated, what Mr. Ames ſays of federaliſm—It is all "founded upon a miſtake."

The ſame diſtortion of objects from their real character is apparent in the ſecond extract above quoted. The amendment of the Conſtitutions which exempted the States from *ſuability* by individuals, in the courts of the Union, is repreſented as having been effected by the great States of *Virginia*, *Pennſylvania* and *New-York*—and as having exempted them in form from *the obligations of Juſtice*.

Why was the odium of a meaſure preſented under ſuch an invidious deſcription confined to *Virginia*, *Pennſylvania* and *New-York?* Why was not Maſſachuſetts included in the number? Had Mr. Ames forgotten that this very amendment was introduced into the Senate of the United States by Mr. George Cabot then a Senator from the ſtate of Maſſachuſetts?—Why was the meaſure itſelf preſented in ſuch an invidious light? Had Mr. Ames forgotten that as a member of the houſe of Repreſentatives in Congreſs he had voted for this very amendment himſelf? If he conſidered it as a ſcheme to exempt States from the *obligation of Juſtice*, he ſtands ſelf-condemned upon a charge of no trivial culpability. A charge, of which I do not believe him to have been guilty. It is not his vote in Congreſs in 1794, but his repreſentation in 1805, of the meaſure for which he had given that vote, which diſcloſes the partial and the prejudiced mind. That amendment of the conſtitution, was called for by the general ſenſe of the people throughout the union; its object was not to exempt the ſtates from the *obligations of Juſtice*, but from being made parties at the ſuit of individuals, before the courts of the United States. The concluſion to which the argument leads is that a confederation like that of the United States is impracticable, becauſe the powerful members will not ſubmit to the laws of the whole body. This opinion is not new; but our experience hitherto has not ſhewn its accuracy. It is the moſt ſacred duty of the American people, to continue the proof that a confederated republic of many mighty members is a practicable expedient of human aſſociation—and it follows as a duty no leſs incumbent upon their ſtatesmen and ſages, to inculcate ſuch

principles and ſuch ſentiments, as have a natural tendency to give duration and ſtability to their Union.

The reflections in the two laſt of theſe extracts upon the ſouthern and weſtern ſections of the Union, are not only flagrant examples of that ſpirit againſt which we were ſo earneſtly admoniſhed by the paternal voice of WASHINGTON; they are as unfounded as they are unfriendly. American patriotism, contemplates with very different ſenſations the rapid progreſs of theſe ſettlements. The active enterprize and hardihood of character which diſtinguiſhes many of the ſettlers; the rapidity with which population, cultivation, and ſocial enjoyments are conſtantly multiplying, with wealth and art, and science in their train. To compare our fellow-citizens of the ſouthern and weſtern ſtates, with wandering Tartars or Indian Hunters, to utter ſeriouſly the opinion that they will probably *ſink into barbariſm*, is a demonſtration of the moſt deplorable blindneſs to the true ſtate of things. Great numbers of the ſettlers both in the ſouth and weſt, are emigrants from New-England. They are literally our children and our brethren. United to us not only by the ties of civil ſociety, but by thoſe of kindred and conſanguinity. Were one of their diſtinguiſhed orators, (and orators they have with whom Mr. Ames himſelf would not have been diſgraced by being compared) to affirm that the inhabitants of the atlantic ſtates were ſinking faſt into piracy and barbariſm; that they had no more patriotiſm than Algerines, and were not half ſo fond of glory; the picture would not be more unkind, nor more unlike than that againſt which I am here excepting.

I except againſt it the more earneſtly, because it is one of the moſt pernicious and fatal errors for the people of any one part of this union to admit into their minds ſuch ſentiments againſt the reſt—becauſe, not only the publication of this volume but a multitude of news-paper eſſays, party reſolutions, and incendiary pamphlets, within the laſt year have ſhewn a ſyſtematic attempt to diſſeminate among the people of New-England this groundleſs jealouſy and hatred of the ſouthern and weſtern people. Above all, becauſe the poiſon of this ſame jealouſy, and

hatred has been circulated in a late addreſs of the Legiſlature of Maſſachuſetts to the people of the ſtate. It is time to ſay and to prove that all theſe inſidious inſtigations againſt our own countrymen, are *founded on miſtake.* They expoſe us to the merited contempt and ſcorn of thoſe who are thus ſlandered, and their moſt inevitable tendency is to excite and provoke that hoſtility which they proclaim. Prejudices and partialities exiſt in every part of the union; but to the diſgrace of New-England her portion is the firſt where men diſtinguiſhed as Mr. Ames, and even legiſlative papers have given countenance and credit to theſe fictions of ignorance affecting to be wiſe, and theſe phantoms of vulgar fear, affecting to be provident. The legiſlative addreſs indeed, after its hour of authority has gone by, will be numbered with the dead. Its patriotic glories are already withering upon the ſtalk. But the eloquence of Ames is deſtined to longer life. His genius will ſtill be admired, when its fallacious colours will be detected at a glance, and lamented as the fading yellow of a jaundiced eye. Had his friends valued his reputation; had they been capable of diſcarding, for a moment, the contracted and ſordid paſſions of a *caucuſing committee*, they might have compiled from his writings and ſpeeches a real monument of unſullied fame. As it is, they have exhibited him, as the herald of party *ſlander*, and the dupe of Britiſh impoſition. Inſtead of riſing with him to hold commerce with the ſkies, they have ſunk him to a level with themſelves.

NUMBER V.

" Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
" I see, I see thee near. COLLINS.

" LET us aſſert a genuine independence of ſpirit:
" we ſhall be falſe to our duty and feelings as Americans,
" if we baſely deſcend to a ſervile dependence on France
" or Great Britain." *p. 57.*

Such was the language of Mr. Ames on the 27th January, 1794, and with this juſt and honourable ſentiment he cloſed his ſpeech againſt Mr. Madiſon's reſolutions. To this ſentiment I now adhere, and in theſe papers am endeavouring to defend it againſt the goblin terrors of Mr. Ames himſelf, and the more deliberate alarms of his publiſhing friends.

The object of theſe terrors, was compounded of two ingredients, which in 1794 had at leaſt an appearance of congeniality and co operation. French power and democracy. The alliance between theſe two tremendous monſters was ſurely diſſolved long before Mr. Ames portrayed with ſuch poetic powers the dangers of American liberty. But although for ever ſeparated on the ſcene of real life, they were ſtill united in dreadful harmony in the world of imaginary fear, and they tortured his fancy, with all their horrid ſhapes and ſights unholy, as the images of the nightmare paſs in confuſed ſucceſſion before the waking ſlumbers of diſeaſe.

The degree to which his underſtanding was affected by theſe horrible viſions can be deſcribed only by himſelf. In the "dangers of American liberty," after bitterly complaining that even among the federalists there were perhaps not five hundred who allowed themſelves "to view the progreſs of licentiouſneſs as ſo *ſpeedy*, ſo *ſure*, and ſo *fatal* as the deplorable experience of our country ſhews *it is*, and the evidence of hiſtory and the conſtitution of human nature demonſtrate that it *muſt be*," He apologizes for this federal apathy by the following picture of his own ſenſations.

"Our days are made heavy with the preſſure of anxiety, and our nights reſtleſs with viſions of horror. We liſten to the clank of chains, and overhear the whiſpers of aſſaſſins. We mark the barbarous diſſonance of mingled rage and triumph in the yell of an infatuated mob; we ſee the diſmal glare of their burnings and ſcent the loathſome ſteam of human victims offered in ſacrifice."

p. 57.

A man muſt have no ordinary ſhare of malice in his compoſition, who could wiſh to ſee his direſt foe, in the ſtate of mind indicated by this paragraph. But this was not the worſt. There is a ſpecies of alienation in the intellect, for which the miſeries of a temporal life are not ſufficiently diſtreſſing. Melancholy derangement often terminates in the belief of the unhappy patient that he is actually ſuffering the torments of eternity. The frequency with which the idea of Hell returns in the latter compoſitions of this volume, connected with French conqueſt and democratic triumph affords too ſtrong preſumption that the natural tendency of the author's diſtemper was to that iſſue.

"It (Democracy) is an illuminated Hell that in the midſt of remorſe, horror and torture, rings with feſtivity; for experience ſhows, that one joy remains to this moſt malignant deſcription of the damned, the power to make others wretched." *p.* 432.

By comparing this paragraph with one written ſome years earlier, we ſhall perceive that *one Hell*, was as inadequate to the immenſity of Mr. Ames' fears, as one world was to that of Alexander's ambition. There was the "Hell" France, and the "Hell" Democracy.

"Behold France, that open Hell, ſtill ringing with agonies and blaſphemies, ſtill ſmoking with ſufferings and crimes, in which we ſee their ſtate of torment, and *perhaps* our future ſtate." *Laocoon p.* 97.

This was written in 1799, when there remained in the writer's mind ſome hopes that we might poſſibly eſcape theſe infernal regions. But in 1805, theſe hopes were all extinguiſhed, and to Hell we muſt go. For immediately after the paſſage which pronounces Democracy to be Hell, comes a deſcription of the French Revolution in the author's moſt glowing manner, and which he cloſes by ſaying, "I have written the hiſtory of France. Can we look back upon it without terror, *or forward without deſpair?*"

When I consider the state of health in which these things were written, I cannot but feel a sentiment of compassion for the sufferings of the author, which checks the disposition, almost irresistible to present them in the ludicrous light which would be most appropriate to them.

The same indulgence, however, is by no means necessary for the editors who have published these political spasms to the world for political wisdom. When Mr. Ames shrieks out,

"Look, look, fellow-countrymen, as we do, to your "dear, innocent children. Ask your hearts, if they can "bear so racking a question, whether a shallow confidence "in our unarmed security against Bonaparte, in case Great "Britain should fall, does not tend to devote them to the "rage of a restless, unappeasable tyrant. We tremble at "the thought that our own *dear children* will be in Bona-"parte's conscription for St. Domingo, in case the Galli-"can policy of our government should be pursued, till its "natural tendencies are accomplished," We remember that these were among the last flutterings of a nervous system in ruins. But when upon this passage we find a note at the bottom of the page, informing the reader that Mr. Ames "could scarcely speak of his children, *during the last few months of his life*, without expressing his deep apprehensions of their future servitude to the French," We ask whether the annotator means it as a sarcasm upon the passage, or a recommendation of the sentiment it contains?

We are told by the biographical eulogist that Mr. Ames had read Virgil, in the original, within two years of his death with increased delight. How much is it to be lamented that the admirable mixture of philosophy and of poetry in the Georgicks had not produced the effect of composing his mind to some portion of tranquillity.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas:
Atque metus omnis et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!

Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, et invidos agitans discordia fratres;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Histro;
Non res Romanæ perituraque regna.

The ſenſe of this paſſage, ſo appoſite to the direful lamentations of Mr. Ames, may be rendered more accurately by a paraphraſe than by any exiſting tranſlation—the following will convey the ſubſtance of the ideas :

> How blest the man, whose philosophic mind
> The *real causes* of events can find !
> Who spurns base fear, defies the bolt of chance,
> *Nor raves of Hell, Democracy and France.*
> Not royal robes, not faction's fearful name,
> Not yearly suffrage shall convulse his frame.
> His dreams no shape of Bonaparte scares.
> His children s limbs no phantom Frenchman tears.
> Unmov'd he views the tyrant's transient sway,
> And smiles at iron crowns and *empires of a day.*

This, however, was not the good fortune of Mr. Ames. The extracts in this paper, are but a few, out of many, which, from an attentive peruſal might be collected, and which indicate the ſtate of his mind, when they were written. It was a proverbial expreſſion among the ancients, that "fear was a bad counſellor," and certainly so it proved to Mr. Ames. For it totally broke down that "genuine independence of ſpirit," which in his ſpeech againſt Mr. Madiſon's reſolutions in 1794, he had called upon us to aſſert.

It was this fear, which, mingling with the contempt he felt for his own countrymen, drove his imagination to the Britiſh navy, as the only hope of ſalvation to mankind from the Tartarus of France and democracy. In fixing the attention of the reader on theſe particular paſſages, to which I ſhall confine this paper, I wiſh him to indulge me with a few remarks, which I ſhall make as ſhort as poſſible, and leave them to his own meditations.

Firſt—Exceſſive terror is a ſentiment as unworthy of a great ſtateſman, as it is unbecoming in a man. As a baſis for a political ſyſtem, it is utterly incompatible with any pretenſion to independence.

Secondly—A man may perhaps be allowed to *fear*, more for his children than for himſelf; but he ought to bring them up in the fear of nothing but of God. To teach puſillanimity by rule, is to make your children daſtards, if they were not born ſuch. In Corneille's tragedy of the Horatii, when the meſſenger informs the father that two of

his ſons had been killed and the third had *fled*, he breaks out, not into lamentations over the dead, but into indignation againſt the fugitive ſurvivor; and when aſked what he would have had him *do*, one againſt three, his anſwer is —"he ſhould *have died.*" This is the ſublime of ſentiment. The contraſt in the extract from Mr. Ames may ſerve as a ſample of the anti-ſublime.

American parents! inſtead of aſking your hearts, whether your children are to be reſcued from Bonaparte's conſcription by *the Britiſh Navy*, teach your children, if it ſhould be neceſſary, *to die* for their country. Take your leſſon of parental affection as well as of patriotic virtue, from Corneille's Roman, and not from the faithleſs friends, who have divulged the weakneſs of Mr. Ames's laſt hours.

NUMBER VI.

IN my laſt paper, I preſented ſeveral extracts, demonſtrating the revolution which had been effected in the mind of Mr. Ames, between the year 1794, when his ſound head and honeſt heart diſdained a ſervile dependence either upon Britain or France, and the deſpairing period of 1808, when the Britiſh navy was his only hope of redemption from the Hells of France and democracy. It might perhaps be an entertaining, and not altogether an uninſtructive inquiry, by what proceſs and by means of what agency this revolution was accompliſhed—But this is not neceſſary to my preſent purpoſe.

The opinion that nothing but the Britiſh navy can ſave us from the dominion of Bonaparte, is one of the thirty-nine articles of the ſelect and excluſive church—And as, in compariſon with it, tranſubſtantiation is a rational and intelligible doctrine, it was neceſſary to mark the gradations of fear and horror, of France, and the tranſitions from patriotic affection to unutterable contempt for our own country, which preceded the intruſion of this glaring abſurdity, into a mind ſo capacious of better things, as that of Mr. Ames.

I compare it to tranſubſtantiation, becauſe it contains within itſelf an inconſiſtency ; the mere ſtatement of the poſition is its refutation—American *Independence, dependent* upon a Britiſh navy !—Nor is the inconſiſtency in the word only—It is rooted in the thing. The independence of a nation muſt reſt upon its own energies, and you might as well talk of the liberties of an African ſlave, as of the freedom of one nation ſupported by nothing but the power of another.

It is in its nature a principle of ſervile dependence—And if the fact were ſo—if the people of this nation were ſo utterly debaſed beneath the name and character of manhood as Mr. Ames has declared them to be ; if, " we are of all men on earth the fitteſt to be ſlaves," of what conſequence is it whether we are the ſlaves of French or Britiſh maſters ?

Quid refert mea
Cui serviam, clitellas dum portem meas ?

If the people of this Union were reduced to that deplorable condition of having only to deliberate " whoſe baſe herd they would be"—ſtill it would be incumbent upon thoſe who prefer the domination of Britain to that of France, to ſhew that the Britiſh yoke would be the eaſieſt—that the protection of the Britiſh navy would be a ſafe reliance—that by redemption from the Hell of France, we ſhould have a *Paradiſe regained* in Britain. Upon this ſubject let us look at what has been paſſing in the world, from the commencement of the French revolution. Within the laſt fifteen years there is not a nation in Europe, excepting France and Denmark, but has had the promiſe of Britiſh protection, and the curſe of a Britiſh alliance—not one of them but has been plunged by it into the jaws of perdition. And, what ought not to have eſcaped the attention of an American ſtateſman, it has in the reſult made them all dependent upon *France.* The uniform courſe has been this : Britain firſt inſtigates them to unfurl their banners againſt her enemy ; forms her alliance with them ; makes them fight her battles ; ſacrifices them to her own projects of naval dominion or for-

eign conqueſt, and ends by abandoning them to the mercy of an exaſperated and victorious foe. When ſhe has thus made them the helpleſs victims of her own treachery, and of France's reſentment, ſhe ſeldom fails to turn againſt them her own thunders, and like the Prince of Darkneſs, becomes the final tormentor of thoſe whom ſhe firſt ſeduced. This is the proceſs through which the Spaniſh patriots are paſſing at this hour. It is the courſe through which Sweden is paſſing. It is the courſe through which the people of this Union would beyond all queſtion now be paſſing, if the government of the nation had been in the hands of the political ſect who believe in theſe doctrines.

If our nominal independence of France reſted upon no other foundation of power than the navy of England, the conſequence would be that we ſhould again be under the domination of England. Her argument would be that in all reaſon we ought to contribute our ſhare to ſupport the expenſe of protecting us, and we ſhould ſoon be called upon for our contribution of men, as well as of money. This is not ſpeculative anticipation—in fact both theſe pretenſions have been advanced. The tribute claimed, and in one inſtance levied, under the orders in council, was an undiſguiſed attempt to renew the project of taxation upon America, which ſevered this continent from the Britiſh empire. The king's proclamation of October, 1807 was an open authorization and command to his naval officers to impreſs *his ſubjects*, from American merchant veſſels—and of the queſtion who was or was not his ſubject, the man-ſtealer himſelf was to be the only judge. With theſe two principles once eſtabliſhed by our admiſſion or acquieſcence, no treaty of ſurrender, no articles of capitulation would be neceſſary to give to Great Britain an arbitrary control over the perſons and property of Americans, for contribution to ſupport her wars. Our blood and treaſure would both be at her diſpoſal—more rigorous than Nahaſh the Ammonite with the men of Jabeſh-Gilead, the token by which alone ſhe would make a covenant with us was, that we ſhould firſt let her thruſt out *both our eyes*.

American independence muſt reſt upon the foundation of American valor and American patriotiſm.—Such is the eternal law of God and of nature. If the generous purpoſe of republican virtue is extinguiſhed in the ſordid ſelfiſhneſs of avarice; if the fathers who ſuffered unſubdued the conflagrations of Charleſtown and Falmouth, of Fairfield and New-London, of Eſopus and Norfolk, who ſhed their blood in battle, and endured the lingering martyrdom of priſon-ſhips and dungeons for the liberties of their country: if theſe fathers have begotten ſons ſo degenerate as not to "reluct at the name and condition of Helots," to figh for the protection of the Britiſh navy is to hang the load of Atlas upon the thread of a ſpider's web. What is the Britiſh navy? Wood—and hemp—and iron—and what are theſe without the nerve of the Britiſh arm, and the fire of the Britiſh heart? Inert, paſſive, obedient *matter*. That arm and heart belong to Britain, and not to us. Enough have they to do to protect and defend their own iſland. But is the American ſinew more flaccid, is the American heart leſs ardent than thoſe of Britons? Alas! it was the miſery of Mr. Ames's malady, ſo to believe; it is the folly of his pretended friends ſo to publiſh! In him it was lamentable error—In them it is the moſt inexcuſable of calumnies, the calumny of their own countrymen.

No, we are not that herd of ſervile uſurers, that den of daſtardly jackalls which we are thus repreſented to be. We have no ambitious wiſh for war, no paſſion for foreign conqueſt; and of courſe no ſhallow love of needleſs armies and navies. Our very love of liberty fortifies, and perhaps carries to exceſs our jealousies of these double-edged weapons, which might be brandiſhed *inward* againſt ourſelves as well as outward againſt our foreign foes.—But the unconquerable will which carried us through all the trials of the revolutionary war remains unimpaired, and when called into action by the unequivocal voice of the country, ſhines with undiminiſhed luſtre. The names of Truxton, Little, and Preble, are as glorious to our republic as thoſe of the naval heroes of the revolution, and the annals of Roman hiſtory cannot furniſh a fairer page

than that to which the heroic devotion of Wadſworth, Somers, Iſrael and Decatur is entitled. These are the models of American character in the *preſent* age; and if the examples which they have exhibited to their countrymen are rare, it is only becauſe by the bleſſing of God the occaſions to call them forth have been few.

Some of the extracts in my laſt paper were ſelected from an elaborate attempt to prove that in this country there is not, and cannot, in the nature of things, be any ſuch thing as patriotiſm. The whole paſſage is too long for ſelection; but may be found in the volume, from the middle of page 412 to the cloſe of page 414. I ſhall not here preſs the ſubject any farther. I ſhall forbear to ſhew, as with the greateſt eaſe might be done, that both in point of argument and of fact, it is but the "baſeleſs fabric of a viſion"—But to exhibit the *comparative* ſtate of *affections* in which Great Britain and America ſtand in the hearts of thoſe who furniſhed the *raw material* of the author's lucubrations, I requeſt the unbiaſſed reader to reflect upon the following paſſage.

"Great Britain, by being an iſland, is ſecured from foreign conqueſt; and by having a powerful enemy within ſight of her ſhore, is kept in ſufficient *dread of it* to be inſpired with *patriotiſm.* That virtue, with all the fervour and elevation that a ſociety which mixes ſo much of the commercial with the martial ſpirit can diſplay, has other kindred virtues in its train; and theſe have had an influence in forming the habits and principles of action, not only of the Engliſh military and nobles, but of the maſs of the nation. There is much, therefore, there is every thing IN THAT ISLAND to blend ſelf-love with love of country. It is impoſſible, that an Engliſhman ſhould have *fears* for the government without trembling for his own ſafety. *How different are theſe ſentiments from the immovable apathy of thoſe citizens, who think a conſtitution no better than any other piece of paper, nor ſo good as a blank on which a more perfect one could be written.*" *p.* 427.

Let it be remarked that Mr. Ames in this place, and in the other to which I have referred the reader, appears

to conſider *fear* as excluſively the primary foundation of *patriotiſm;* and every other ſource from which this virtue may be ſuppoſed to derive, he ſeems to conſider as merely a theme of hypocritical declamation. I will not recur to any ſuppoſition of benevolence, independent of ſelfiſh motives, as exiſting in the heart of man; from which ſome portion of patriotic feeling might originate. But ſurely fear is not the *only* principle of ſocial attraction. The ſenſe of common *rights*, of common *enjoyments*, of common *moral* and *political principles*, of congenial habits, manners, ſentiments and even prejudices, the inſtinct of attachment to *our native land*,* the love of fame, which, though an individual paſſion, identifies itſelf ſo naturally with the love of our country, *ambition*, which an accurate and cloſe obſerver, will find burning in the American breaſt more fiercely than that avarice, which ſtrikes the ſuperficial eye; the obligation of ſocial *duty*, which Mr.

* I am aware that this is one of the feelings which cold metaphysics will diſclaim or deride; and which Mr. Ames would not allow as a ſource of patriotism. But upon queſtions of feeling we may appeal from abſtraction to poetry. This ſentiment of attachment to the land of our nativity is painted with ſome of the moſt exquiſite touches of nature in Wieland's Oberon.—The hero of the poem and his ſquire Sherasmin, are riding along the banks of Euphrates, in ſilence, and the thoughts of each of them are repreſented as dwelling on the diſtant objects of their delight.

> While in imaginary joy, the knight
> Clasps to his breast, the bride, thus dearly won,
> Steals unawares the old man's raptur'd ſight
> Forth from Euphrates to his dear Garonne,
> Where firſt his childhood cull'd the flower's delight—
> "No—thinks he—nowhere does God's bleſſed Sun
> So mildly ſhine as where by me firſt ſeen—
> No meadow blooms ſo gay—ſo freſh no other green.
>
> ---
>
> Thou little ſpot, where light firſt on me ſhone,
> Where my firſt pang, my earlieſt joy I knew,
> What though remote, unnotic'd and unknown,
> Yet ſhall my heart, to thee for ever true,
> Still drawn by ſecret ties to thee alone,
> E'en Paradiſe as exile from thee view.
> Oh! prove but true at leaſt my boding mind—
> O lay me in thy lap, amid my ſires reclin'd."
>
> *Oberon, Book* 4, *ſt.* 21, 22. *The laſt line is from Sotheby's tranſlation.*

Deny, or ſneer at theſe ſentiments, who will—they will find an echo in every honeſt heart, and true philoſophy will recognize in them *ſome* of the moſt powerful impulſes to patriotiſm.

Ames certainly ſuppoſed himſelf to feel, and which therefore in candour he ought to admit as one impulſe of action in others, all theſe are ſources of patriotiſm, far more copious, as well as far more noble, than his miſerable *dread of being conquered.*

But it is the contraſt of feeling in the heart of the writer, (or rather of his inſtigators) between Great Britain and America, manifeſted in this and many other places, which demands the unqualified reprobation of every virtuous American. It is the preference of a foreign country to his own, ſo undiſguiſed, ſo glaring, and reſting upon ſuch falſe foundations, upon which I call the eye of the nation; not for the paltry purpoſe of affecting his reputation, but to put the country upon their guard againſt the machinations and intrigues of the men whoſe politics are governed by the ſame narrow views and the ſame vicious paſſions. I have given this extract as a ſpecimen, but there is ſcarcely a page after the firſt hundred in this volume, but bears the marks of the ſame ſentiment——ſcarcely a page but proves that with the idea of Great Britain, every aſſociated idea, was eſteem, love, veneration, idolatry—while every thought aſſociated with that of America was bitterness and rancour, mingling with diſguſt and ſcorn.

I might multiply the proofs of theſe anti-patriotic prejudices, until this review ſhould ſwell beyond the ſize of the volume itſelf. But ſomething muſt be left to the judgment and underſtanding of the reader. I ſhall therefore only preſent the following paſſages in final proof of the poſitions I have advanced, and if they leave incredulity itſelf unconvinced, only aſk him who deſires more accumulation of evidence to the ſame point, to read the book.

"In that *enſlaved* country (Britain) every executive attempt at uſurpation has been ſpiritedly and perſeveringly reſiſted, and ſubſtantial improvements have been made in the conſtitutional proviſions for liberty. Witneſs the habeas corpus, the independence of the judges, and the *perfection, if any thing human is perfect*, of their adminiſtration of juſtice, the reſult of the famous Middleſex election, and that on the right of iſſuing general ſearch warrants.

Let every citizen who is able to think, and who can bear the pain of thinking, MAKE THE CONTRAST AT HIS LEISURE. *p.* 429.

"For our part we deem her (Britain's) grandeur intrinsic, the fair fruit of her constitution, her justice, her arts, and her magnanimity. *p.* 376.

"The world's master allows no neutrality. In fact there are no neutrals. The maritime law supposes a society of nations bound together by reciprocal rights and duties. That society is dissolved; *and it is chimerical, if not unwarrantable* for the United States to claim singly the aggregated and supposed residuary rights devolved upon us by the departed nations. The old system is gone; and *it is a mockery, or worse,* for one nation to affect to represent a dozen once independent states, now swallowed up by a conqueror. Ambition will violate *our moonshine rights;* and if we submit to his decrees, we ourselves violate our neutral duties. What tyranny will do in contempt of right, self preservation permits the other belligerent to do in strict conformity with it. Where, then, is neutrality? LET US BE ASHAMED OF A PETULENT STRIFE ABOUT LOST AND IRRECOVERABLE PRETENSIONS." *p.* 377.

Gracious Heaven! is this the language of an American?—Of a New-England man? And is this the patriotism which animated the last year's Legislature of Massachusetts? Yes—these are the principles upon which the supreme authority of the state called with such importunate outcry upon the government of the Union to unfurl the republican banners against the imperial standard. —These are the doctrines which in 1809, are published in the metropolis of Massachusetts—for PATRIOTISM!